

Precious Nengak



**HOURS
BEFORE 24**

This poetic collection is timely as it address contemporary relevant issues. Each poem is a solution to our societal challenges. This work of art is singal to not just survie but to live and fulfil pirpose even as time runs out. it is a must read for living soul.

- Shedrach Elisha (*CEO Iambest Networks LTD*)

Precious introduces to us the importance of being applicative and watchful of the way we devote our time and each day that is presented to us. He urges us to be mindful of how we handle each day we are given because they won't be any other.

Everytime we are being given the opporetunity to change certain thing s in life , we must be very cautious of time.

He also exposes us Human about cresting the sphere of giving people chance to their thoughts about. In a way we seem to be little the capability what we can and cannot do.

“Sometimes finding peace in your world is best”.

I love his thoughts in the second poem. He reminds us that we are the first generation that is ignorant. We seem to be blinded in everything we do, besides being lazy we just relax with our minds full of ideas. “Life is serious but the moments of being unserious counts”. He says that every action that we take in life does count.

- Andronica Raseroka (*South Africa*)

Rex(as I've always called him) Defined life to us, giving a different value to time.

- Elisha Chebwawaza Gideon (*Founder, FED*)



THE TIME MASTER

Maybe today
was amazing;
maybe it wasn't.

Is there anything
I can do about it?
Is there anything
I could have done differently?

Each day is a blessing.
Learn lessons and
do not waste energy
on regret.

Note:

It's often time very easy to look at how our day went and then bury ourselves in regret. We sometimes regret not dishing some amazing point we just thought of while we were arguing with someone earlier on. But that shouldn't be our lifestyle. We must learn to be appreciative of the future.



1.1:00 am

Lately in the arms
of loneliness
my soul longs
to find peace.

Peace be still.
Selah! Selah!
In my company
to myself, I must be true.

Lotus: a union
unto a clear mind
and body,
A monk of these books.

A feast of words;
let the words
in my head remain
within this prison.

Opinion matters
But silence is bliss.

Note:

One habit common to all humans is that of always wanting to air their opinion and views. We all want to be understood so we won't be misjudged or read out of context. However, sometimes finding peace in your world is best. You silence all the voices and create an Eden around you. Time will speak for you.



2. 2:00 am

What if life
is a heist and
the most important thing
Is building good memories?

What if sadly, we fail to see
This; until at the age of 70,
weak and filled with regret we ask why
we never made the best out of life.

50 years from now
You may realize that
time was of essence,
but a happy life was golden.

Life is serious
but the moments
of being unserious counts.

Note:

If there is any generation that has forgotten what life truly is; then we can say that it is this generation we live in. Everyone is so busy chasing after dreams that we don't get to live the moments we are awake.



3.3:00 Am

Thinking about you
is more precious than sleep.
While awake
I still dream of you.

Love is not a bed of roses
but it still is beautiful.
Be vulnerable and
willing to accept change.

Sacrifices and adjustment
are the bases on which
this table is built.

It can't stand on one leg
It needs all four to stand:
Truth, communication, sincerity and sacrifice.

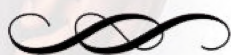
Love is what we make it;
Let's make it beautiful.

Note:

'Love' is one of the most abused words in this generation. Trying to figure out why, has kept me on my feet for a long time.

Many have even come to a point where they doubt if love exists.

I however, believe love is the essence of our existence. It is who we are and it is a beautiful thing.



4. 4:00 am

My soul becomes
more conscious
To time.

Tick-tock,
my heart has changed
its rhythm.

My height has become
familiar with the difference
in time that's casted by my shadow.

Silence-
time is running out;
Silence!

I have learned to read
the lines. Be cautious.

Note:

Time has been said to be one of the most precious commodity available to man. But if there is anything man is bad at utilizing, then I think it is the gift of time.



5. 5:00 AM

Good Friends are like butterflies;
They beautify
Your life and add flavour to it.

They push you
towards the path
of accomplishment
and joy.

Friends are proof that
we shouldn't remain the same;
Let's keep changing.

They also prove
that nothing
is ugly forever.

Note:

He who finds himself in the company of good friends is a blessed man. They make and break us.
This is a dedication to my beautiful set of friends



6. 6:00 am

Drums and songs,
dance of the unbroken,
a man is with his maker.

Pageantry of black
wears and natural faces,
harmony of the soul.

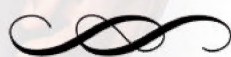
Grieve is a glue
that now bind us.
But how true is this bond?

For many dressed here
are happy for the downfall of
another man. Yet they put on
a face of agony.

Note:

Death is one thing that unifies humanity. Whoever you are, death will one day knock on your door. While we go around sharing in the grief of those whose loved ones are no more with us; there are those who are grateful that such persons are no more for whatever evil reasons they have.

But surely, we must all die.



7. 7:00

Thoughts of heaven,
thoughts of the essence of man.

What is life?
what is the purpose of life?

Are we just to walk this path?
fading into nothingness afterwards?

Man should be remembered
for something.

It's best if man is remembered
for something good.

The world is ours
and we owe it greater things.

Note:

The question of man's purpose on earth is one that can hardly be
answered. I however believes Faith unleashes our purpose.



8. 8:00 am

The value of what we have,
often seems to be
dipped in mud;
it has no beauty to behold.

Live for the moment,
do not torment your soul.
Maybe you should think about
Tomorrow; but today's joy?
Bury not it.

Live like a baby;
have faith in those things
with the image of stupidity;
beautiful things.

We live only but for a moment;
have a complete feel of the moment.

Note:

Tomorrow is not promised to any of us. This doesn't mean that we should live without any plan. Rather, it is an encouragement to us to walk towards those things that are most important



9.9:00 am

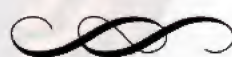
Silence has slowly
build a niche around my
heart. Somehow I have
found joy in its life.

When all is void
and life is drained
from its marrow that silence
carries in it waves of peace

To my own thoughts,
be silent!
Your torment
has had it glory long enough

Note:

Silence they say, is golden. The greatest form of silence we should all
try to have, is that silence from within our own selves.



10. 10:00 am

Gradually, the world
seems to be fading away.
We are colour blind,
we can't even see the colours washing away.

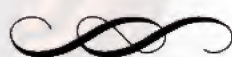
The beautiful red
was replaced by sorrow yesterday.
It has forgotten how to smile;
it is lonely.

Sadness is clouding us
and doom lurks around us.
A boat is being built
but we make mockery of the coming doom.

Who will save our world?
who will save us from us?

Note:

Our world is losing its wonders and those things that once made life beautiful. It is however sad to realize that only a few people are seriously seeing this and acting towards healing it.



11. 11:00 am

The most beautiful stories
are those not told by the author.

The most beautiful song
is that not sang by the songwriter.

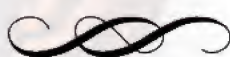
To be happy we must
often tlet go.

The most beautiful love
story is that of seeing the one you love
be happy with some else;
and still being happy for them.

The most beautiful friendship
is that which never gives up.

Note:

When we come to that point in life were we realize that "good things"
mustn't really happen directly to us to make them "good things," then
we will start seeing the beauty that life holds.



12. 12:00 noon

The English poet: William Shakespeare
Once wrote

"to thine own self, be true."

And it must follow at the night and day,
thou cannot then, be false to any man.

But don't we all every now and then,
need those lies and delusions
that our minds cook up?

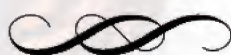
The dreams and visions
of what may not be.
Don't we all sometimes
need hope, even when we knoweth the truth?

What really defines,
when a man to himself lies?
When he to himself believeth not?
or when he to himself worketh not
to the actualization of everything he has ever dreamt of?

How does a man knoweth
to himself he has been lying all along?

Note:

The whole idea of being true to yourself oftentimes sounds amazing.
But we come to certain points where we hope that certain lies will
become true. We pray that things shouldn't be as they appear.



13.1:00 pm

"Life is too short"

They say.

I think it's long enough
for you to have the best of it.

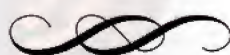
Life is beautiful,
but also ugly.

There are times
You must turn a blind eye
and dance its tune.

Life doesn't appear
as we wish it should.
It's a tricky little game,
whose origin comes as a surprise.

Note:

Life is full of mysteries and often , the more we try to understand it;
the more complicated it becomes. Life is best when we understand
only little of it.



14.2:00 pm

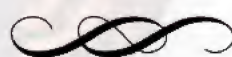
Love can be
a very strange
thing. One moment
you are all high; another
moment, you are all low.

The confusion it brings,
holds another beauty.
When right becomes
left and left? Right.

“Love is a game;
beautiful and complicated”
says a young soul.
“How can I understand it?”

Note:

Love is a tale only lunatics appreciate. I fear it takes away the senses
of those who get entangled in it. Nevertheless, we shouldn't stop
loving.



15. 3:00 pm

To me Christianity,

Is not all about being perfect.
It is about Knowing
that you are buried
in imperfection and willing
to submit everything in obedience to Christ.

It is not about
your fluency with verses,
but your fluency in act;
The subtle message.

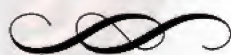
It is not the story of hell
and eternal damnation.
It is a story of love, forgiveness
and hope for the hopeless.

It is not a duty of judging
or making oneself feel better.
It is a revelation of unworthiness
and how dependant man is.

Note:

Often, when Christians are asked what Christianity is, many of them answer by saying "Being Christ-like." I have however, come to the realization that if that is what Christianity is, then I am in no way a Christian. For the story of Jesus Christ is one that makes me feel so unworthy and imperfect. I feel unworthy to even call his name. But I have come to realize that Christianity is far beyond what many see it as.

I see myself walking through the eyes of Jesus.



16. 4:00 pm

Worries are baggages
That we keep hoarding
for ourselves.

What tomorrow brings
and what not.

What if?
and how I wish.

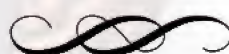
Regret upon regret.

Questions we ask
even if we know;
we might never get answers.

To plan is good,
but excessive planning
ruins the beauty of the moment.

Note:

As humans, the possibility of us ever being free from worry, might not be possible. We however need to be cautious of the things we worry about. Some of them are of no significant and value.



17. 5:00 pm

As sheeps to the slaughter,
we are men who still
believe that the world
is a place so beautiful.

For to love ones'
neighbor, is like a brush
painting beautiful works
of art on this canvas called "Earth."

Thy neighbor, is you
in a different body,
at a different place,
with different struggles.

You in another's shoe;
selfishness would
pick up her belongings
and the oblivion, she will run.

Note:

The world is beautiful. For some time now, however, man has made a mess of this beautiful work of art. Selfishness and greed has driven man into the most abominable of acts and he has still not come to the realization that he is hurting himself.



18. 6:00 pm

May this broken
soul find rest
from all the past
memories of friendship lost.

May we meet
in the nearest
future and look not
at what happened; but how far we have come.

May we hold no grudges,
but look upon everything
in time past and laughing,
We'd say to each other
"It is part of the process to maturity."

Some memories will still hurt,
but where is forgiveness found?
I myself have no idea.
But it is buried deep within us.

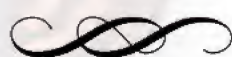
Note:

Lately, I have come to the notion that the most annoying thing about growth in general, is some of the bond and friendships we lose along the line.

Some ended on a bad footing and distance had its own share of the blame: a fight, a change of environment and we never spoke afterward.

Pride has cost us other friendships and I wish we can look back and amend them.

Some say a broken trust can never be fixed, but surely, I tell you it can.
Nothing is ever broken beyond repair if we love it.



19. 7:00 pm

Some few years from now,
Some years from now,
we probably will have
written the world a letter of goodbye.

We might have few regrets,
we might have many regrets.
As much as we will wish
to have no regrets in that letter, we surely will.

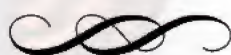
We must however not
sit and chew upon
the sufferings of what
ifs, and what if not.

The day we visited this world
and the day we would leave it,
are of little importance.
The in-between is of great importance.

Note:

What we often don't understand about worries and fear is that they most often take the beauty and happiness of moments.

It's no doubt that we might not get rid of them completely, but we need to learn to focus our eyes on the important things: Happiness, friendship, family and everything in-between as plan by God the creator.



20.8:00 pm

Love is a mystery
only the heavens
can unravel. A beautiful story
with unpleasant curves.

Let's be foolish
and never find wisdom
in those things that matter
most to love.

Let's find perfection
in the flaws
of these stories
pouring from the mouth of children.

New things get old,
but not all lose value.
Our love is a new thing which will grow old,
However, it will appreciate in value.

There might be others
better than you,
but for me you are
the best.

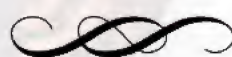
Every love story
is beautiful: "Maybe
I guess"

Note:

Love is one of the most amazing, yet probably the most difficult things on
earth to understand.

Somehow I get to believe that if we get to understand love, then it will
lose all its wonders and beauty. Maybe we should all be lunatics.

Maybe.



21. 9:00 pm

On the pilgrim's pilgrimage,
his eyes have been opened
to the fact that the enemy cares
not about him fallen.

The enemy's pleasure is in stopping
the pilgrim from ever rising again.
Doubts: if the pilgrim will be forgiven-
Will God ever forgive?

He flashes pride before the pilgrim,
that the pilgrim somehow finds comfort
in trying to fix his mess
by himself; rather than calling on God.

In trying to fix himself,
the pilgrim pulls
down those things he is
Suppose to nurture and protect.

He cuts down the plants
to cover his own nakedness,
but in all this the father
will make him see how fickle his efforts are.

"The pilgrim's pilgrimage
is not one of not falling.
It is one of rising after
you might have fallen"
-Says the pilgrim.

Note:

It's more important to every enemy, that after they have defeated their foes,
such persons never rise again. It's one reason that in war the winning side
humiliates those who have been conquered. The plan is to crush their spirit
and hope, so they never become a threat ever again. Such is also the story of
the pilgrim



22. 10:00 pm

Offsprings of a generation
of blind men.

Men with eyes
that cannot see.

Men dwelling in troubled waters,
but refusing to acknowledge
and seek for help-
Men birth of pride.

The lost sheep
telling the shepherd
"I am not lost:
I know what I am doing."

Offsprings of a generation
of men buried in laws
they can't even abide by.
They break these laws just as they make them.

Offsprings of men
who do not believe in the
need to be found
men contented with being lost.

Note:

"Ye have not received of me because ye have not ask."

We are at a point in time, were our ideologies, revolves just around us
and we fail to see beyond us. A time in which we are bias to morals and
principles. We pick those things that we feel fit our "Skins." A
generation that has no idea how deep it has gone into the pit, because
it believes by it own strengths, it can solve it problems.

There is something greater than us.



23. 11:00 pm

To behold that beauty
not of the eyes;
but that which is of the heart.

Beauty so pure,
I must not be
the beholder to see it.

To behold the beauty
of scars from a whip;
and a cross.

To behold that beauty
I am unworthy
of.

Note:

It is often said that "beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder." There is no doubt about that: But if that is how we define beauty, can we really say anyone is beautiful? How sure are we that our judgment is unbiased?

I have seen someone who saw beauty even in those who "aren't his" to the point of dying for them. That is true beauty.



24. 12:00 midnight

When we no longer
can see the sun;
In such moment we wonder
why we complained about its brightness
in our days of youthfulness.

When we no longer
dance to the gongs
being played by nature;
we will look back and regret why we
never appreciated the little things.

When we no longer
can run?
we will then find companionship in regrets.
why were we scared of risk?
why didn't we change the world?

Time: tick tock...
What matters most to you?

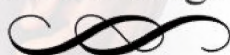
Note:

The narrative used to be "you don't know what you have got, until it's gone." Years later, it became "you don't know what you are missing until it arrives."

Life is funny and everyone can bring up philosophies to support his/her believes. It is up to you to find you.

Appreciate the little things now!

Not tomorrow, not when you are free or less busy. Create time to make friends, dance in the rain, love someone and help someone. For until you are on a bed sick and doubting if you will make it, you will then start regretting why you didn't do certain things



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Precious Nengak or Precious Rex as known by most is a Writer, Poet and a Medical Laboratory Scientist from Plateau State of Nigeria. He finds facination in Books and the game of chess.

Hours before 24, is his first collection of poems. A story of daily experiences and battles being fought be any average youth.

He believes in misfits and rebels; those with courage to as why not?

